JOHN T. PEARCE, Editor and Manager.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 A Year.

The Bee.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT NEWTOWN, FAIRFIELD COUNTY, CONN.

A. A. Beneel, --- Pub'r and Prap'r. J.T. Pearce, --- Hallor and Man'r. Subscription Price, \$1.00 A Year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	lwk.	2wks.	lmo.	Smos.	6mos.	lyear
I Inch.	.75	1.25	2.00	4.00	6.00	10.00
2 Inch.	1.75	2.00	3.50	9.00	15.00	20.00
1-4 Ool	2 00	3.40	4.50	12.00	18,00	25,00
1-2 Col 1 Col	3,00	8.00	12.00	20.00	22.00 30.00	25.00

Special Notices, Ten Cents per line first, and Pive Cents for each subsequent insertion.

Transient advertising payable in advance. No dead-heat advertising taken. Yearly advertise ments payable at the end of each quarter. Professional and Business Cards to occupy not more than five lines; \$5.00 a year. Regular yearly advertisers, whose bills amount to \$10 or over, will receive the paper free.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

NEWTOWN. POST-OFFICE.

Mails Open: -- From the South, 11.20 a, M. and .00 r. M. From the North, 12.00 M. and 6.60 r. M. Mails close: —Going North, 10.30 A. M. and 4.45 P. M. Going South, at 11.25 A. M. and 4.45 P. M. Z. S. PECK, P. M.

CHURCHES. TRINITY CHURCH. — Main Street, Rev. Newton E. Marhie, D. D., rector. Services 10 5: a. E. Sunday School, 12 M. Afternoon service, at 1.

Congressional.—Main Street, Rev. James P. Hoyt, pastor. Services 10.30 a. m. bunday School 11,45 a. m. Afternoon Services, 1 p. m.

CATHOLIC:—Main Street, Rev. Father McCarton pastor. Services, 10.15 a. M. Sunday School, 12.30 p. M. SOCIETIES.

OLIVE BRANCH JUVENILE TEMPLE NO 11 .- Public meeting every Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock, in South Centre School Louse, officers: Mrs 8 N Heets, Supt, Miss M F Peck, Sec.

St. Patnick's Temperance Society—nev, Fath-er James McCarian President, Joan Mooney Vice President, Thomas Egan Secretary, Patrick Cain Tressurer.

NEWTOWN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.—E. L. Johnson President, Charles Heredord Vice President, M. F. Peck Secretary and Tressurer.
M. F. PECK, Librarian.

SANDY HOOK, CHURCHES.

METHODIST.—Rev James Taylor, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m., 1.30 and 8 y. m. hunday school 11.45 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday

St. John's Chapel. - Rev. Francis W. Bar-lett assistant minister. Services I P.M. Bunday nett assistant School 12 M.

SOCIETIES.

GRANITE LODGE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLERS:—meet in hall over H. L. Wheeler's Furniture Wareroom every Friday evening. Officers, J. P. Blackman, W. C. T. Mrs. W. W. Perkins, W. Y. T. Christian Beahler, W. S., Mrs. E. A. Hennett, W. F. S., Mrs. H. L. Wheeler, W. T., Wm. B. Terrill, W. M., Miss N. A. Judson, W. I. G., Miss Elis S. Peck, W. O. G., John F. Griffin, P. W. T.

HIRAM LODGE, No 18, F. A. M .- Meet in Masonic Hall, ist and 3d wednesdlys of each month.
Officers: Wm. 1 Sandford, W.-U., John Sandford,
Sr. W., Somers Crorut, Jr. W., James A. Wilson
Sect. H. L. Wheeler, Treas and Chapn., Wm.
Ackley, Sr. Dea., Chester Hard, Steward, A. W.
Orgelmann, Tiler.

ROTAL ABOH CHAPTES. - Meet Second Thursday of each mouth, in Masonic Hall. Officers; Geo. Wodendon, H. P., H. L. Wheeler, R., James M. Blackman, Scribe., Wm. I. Sanford, C of H., Jas A. Wilson, P. S., G. A. Hough, B. A. C.

ALPHA JUVENILE TEMPLE No 1 .-- meet in Lodge Room over Furniture Store, every Sunday after noon, at 4.30 o'clock. Miss Ella Peck, Supt. F W Perkins, W C T.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Newtown & Woodbury Stage Line. Rewtown & Woodbury Stage Line.

Leaves Woodbury at 7,30 a, m., Sonthbury at 5,30 a, m., South Britain at 9 a, m., Bennett's Bridge at 9,30 a, m., Berkshire at 10 a, m., Sandy Hook at 10,30 a, m. arriving at Newtown to meet the 10,47 a, m. Up Train, and is even for Woodbury on the urrival of the 11.40 a, m. Down Train, and arrives at Woodbury at 5 p. m., the same time as the Woodbury and Seymour Stage.

GEORGE 17LEE, Proprietor.

Nectown, Aug. 2d, 1817.

People's Line. I offer my services to the traveling public, and can be found at all times ready to convey passengers to and from the Depot, or to Saudy Hous and Newtown St.

Charges m. derata. Remember the "G. vernor," GEORGE REDSTONE.

Housatonic Railroad. Time Table. To take effect July 10, 1877. Trains Leave Newtown woing North, 10:47 a.m., 1:45 3.05 5.19 and 7.05 p. m., 10:47 a.m. and 5.25 p.m. in trains connect at Brookness suretion with crains for Danbury.

Going South, 6.15 and 11.40 a. m., 5.05 and 7.35 to. Southy Train, 7.45 p. m. Fraint Leave Hambeyville Going North, 10.57 a. 1., 1.30 5.25 5.40 and 7.20 p. in. 10 .7 a. in. ad 5.40 p. in. truins connect at Broothesd June

Going South, 6.25 and 11.30 s. m., 4.55 and 7.20 p. m. sunday Milk Train, 7.30 p m

Shepaug Railroad. ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS, communicing

August 13, 18.7.

Connecting Traines Leave Newtown at 10,47 a. m. at 5.79 p. m. Arrive at lateline of 2.20 and 7.35 p. m. Saturday an additional Connection is note by Train passing Newtown at 7.45 p. m., etti Train arriving at Litchibled at 10.00 p. m., Lase Litchised at 9.45 a. m. (Monday 7.15 a. m.) and 3.30 p. m., arriving at Hawley ville 11.30 c. m. (Alumbays 9.10 a. m.) and 7.65 p. m., consecting with trains on Hawsstonie R. B. Sanday Milt Train haves Litchield 4.40 p. m. and connects with Howardonie Milk Train.

C. H. PhATT, Supt.

Succe Stories.

The Mendow Spring.

"Laurette Marshall, where have you

There was a despairing emphasis in Mrs. Marshall's voice. She had let fall the towel with which she was wiping the tea cups, and stood a picture of consternation and despair.

"Only down to the spring mother." "But look at that bran new lawn dress, torn half off you."

"The brier busines did it."

The girl did look rather wofully at the pretty dress half destroyed, but had a flashing, muschievous, sweet little face that could not stay long in shadow.

"Never mind, ixet; come here and tell me what year I bought the white helfer in," said Mr. Marshall, who stood at a desk in the corner making out his quarter's accounts.

Mrs. Marshall picked up her towel, murmuring despairingly as the girl turned toward her father.

"Two years last May, father. It was the year I was fourteen," said Ret, looking over her father's work with his hand on her shoulder.

He turned his head and kissed her. "Nice child," he said, approvingly.

"Nice child !" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall, exasperated. "As if her remembering about the cattle was of half as much consequence as her tearing her dress all to pieces-the dress I sat up till eleven o'clock last night to finish. Thomas Marshall, what do you suppose will ever become of that girl of yours ?"

Mrs. Marshall always shifted the responsibility of the children upon her husband when they showed any signs of moral depravity. So Thomas Marshall looked up at "that girl of his." She was a pretty sight with her hat tipped sideway on her carly head, her half pouting, half-smiling rosy little mouth, and her soft, sloe-black eyes turned appeal ingly upon her father's face. He smiled upon his girl. He couldn't help it.

"What were you doing down at the

spring, Ret?" he said gently. "Rath was telling me the legend-the legend of the spring, you know, father." "Where is Rathburn, and what is the

legend of the spring, daughter?" "Why, he said that ever so many years ago a girl came down the path through the woods, with a pitcher on her head, to get some water at the spring. When she dipped the pitcher in the spring, she saw her face in the water, and she said

" Wheever my trun love is to be, Let him look into this spring with me.

And when she was doing that there was a young lord from England riding by on horseback. He saw the girl looking in the water, and was curious to know what she was looking at. So he got off his horse and came softly and looked in the spring beside her. There he only saw her face, but it was so pretty that he fell in love with her, and afterward matried her. And Rath says that ever since, if two young people look in that spring together, they will surely marry each other."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall. "I should like to know, Ret. if hearing such silly stories as that is worth tearing your dress for ?'

But Thomas Marshall laughed.

"I'll risk the girl, Sarab," he said while Ret went out at the door. "I'll risk her while she'll tell her father the love stories she hears. She'd better tear her dress than break our hearts with secret ways. Brother John's girl you

The mother bowed her head in silence.

and said no more. Ret stood in the porch watching her brother Rathburn come down the hill. There was some one with him, and while she was trying hard to make out who it was, "some one" was as carnestly observing her. He saw in the porch of an old brown, vine-shaded house on a hill, a little figure in a pink lawn dress, very badly torn, and with a straw hat shading a face that was evidently fair, while a mass of bronze curls, swept to one side, fell over a bare, white shoul-

"What little fairy is that, Rath ?" he said.

"My sister," replied Rathburn Marshall, proudly. "You shall have her, Max," he added confidentially.

They had been collegians together Rath Marshall and Max Kingsley. Max was just from Europe. The friends had

met for the first time for four years. "Is that the little Ret you used to tell

about?" asked Max, for they had been great confidants in old times.

'Yes. She was twelve then, she sixteen now. She's a darling, Max !" "I think it likely. And I may have

"Yes; if you can get her." "Thank you, old boy."

The next moment they passed in at the door from which Ret had disappeared, and to his parents Rath announced "My old college friend Max Kingsley; come to rusticate among us for a week

or two." It was a frank, good face which the old people looked at-a face they were willing to admit to their fireside. Ret came down from her room in a more presentable dress, and was introduced. That evening Rath repeated again, for Max's amusement the legend of the meadow spring.

The next morning a June sunrise flushed the sky at four o'clock. Max Kingsley awoke, and, aroused by the novelty of arising at that time in the morning, got up, dressed and went outof-doors. Early as it was, a boy was driving a drove of cattle to the market down the long, brown road, while the birds were chorusing in the woods, and awake. He crossed the road and went slowly over the meadows.

"The grass was drenched in dew, The fragrant air blew through The honeysuckle branches That waved about the porch."

Half-knee high in the wet clover, he looked back at the house, half hid in honeysuckles and morning glories, to see if there were any signs of Rath or Ret. Was Rath's pretty sister an early riser ? He wished she was, and would share his walk with him.

He came to a brook slipping softly through the meadows, and turning, commenced following it to its source, walking through the marsh mallows and white clover around a knoll, where he found some rare golden violets, and on to a birch wood.

Suddenly he heard the shouting and laughter of young ringing voices. Going on quietly, he came suddenly to an open ing, and this scene met his eye as he stood concealed by the bushes,

Ret and her little brothers were swinging on the birches. (And Ret was sixteen years old !) Max Kingsley's blue eves shone with amusement. As his glance fell upon them. Ret was climbing from limb to limb of an old oak tree. not being able, probably, to ascend to the top as did her brother. In fact, Ret couldn't "shin up." but could come down gradually, which she did in Max's sight. High up among the oak boughs, the pretty little hoyden grasped she tip of the birch, which, young and lithe, bent slowly with her weight, and down to the ground she descended most royally. Releasing the tree, it sprang back to its

That was grand, Charlie !"she exclaim ed to the bure-footed little urchin who was industriously "shinning up" a tall

"You'd better not let Rath or that Mr. Kingsley see you !" panted Charlie, half way up. The girl gave a guick look round.

"I don't care for Mr. Kingsley," she said, swinging a bunch of columbine, which filled the air with its fragrance. "You would if you knew what Rath told him," answered Charlie, tugging away.

"What was that Charlie ?" Charlie, nearly to the top, gave one more writhe of his supple little body and suddenly dropped his weight from his bands, the tree bent and swung him down to the ground. When his little brown feet touched the sorrel, he let go and the birch langed back. Charlie contemplated his burning hands, doubtful if they were good for another. Ret caught him by the shoulder.

"What did Rath say?" she cried. "That Mr. Kingsley might have you,"

answered the boy. Ret's pretty face flamed.

"Rath had Letter mind his own affairs and I hate Mr. Kingsley !"

Max commenced whistling, and then came slowly sauntering around the summes and elderberry bushes. Suddealy he appeared to catch sight of the group-Ret and Charlie side by side, and Charlie chewing birch bark, while Henry, the youngest, was gathering puff balls, acorns, or pine cones from the ground.

Max lifted his hat. Ret, with her fragrant wand, and her pretty face a little paled by excitement, faced him like a fairy wraith.

"A fine morning," he said, taking no

riser in the house, but you, I see, have beaten me. How fragrant these birch woods are! Charlie, you know the secret of the bark, don't you? I used to chew it in school and get thrashed

Charlie's boy heart was won immediately. He forget all about the secret he had overheard, and which seemed to prejudice his sister so against Max. With him and Henry the guest instantly became a favorite.

But Ret was another Nemesis. Hardly speaking to Max, she turned around and walked home. And henceforth careless, merry, romping Ret was changed to a maidenly young lady.

Mrs. Murshall rejoiced in the change, but Rathburn hardly considered it an improvement when he found that Ret scemed to hold him no longer in confidence, and his friend not at all in favor.

In vain Max Kingsley tried to win her countenance at least. She would hardly look at him-would never smile upon him-was barely civil, and stately as a young Diana. In vain he excercised the power of an Orpheus-proved himself an Ajax of bravery, a Calchas of wisdom, an Arion of refined tastes, the flowers of the fields were all wide and an Æacus of principle and natural nobility. Ret wouldn't be wooed and

So a fortnight passed away.

At last came the time for Max Kingsley's return. He had long ago made his way to the hearts of the old people. They were sorry to have him leave. Charlie and Henry were bitterly grieved at his departure, and declared it a "burning shame" that he should go before the chestnuts were ripe.

Rath came over to the window where Ret was standing.

"Ret, ain't you sorry to have Max go away ?" he said, in a low voice. "No," she said, briefly, and turned

and walked out of the room. But something in her face made Rath's eyes flash. He turned quickly to Max. "Go find her," he whispered. Max went to the door. Ret had gone.

He saw her little figure winding in and

out through the shrubbery of the meadows. She was walking fast. He followed her, so far behind that sight, in case she should look back. On past the knowl where the golden violets grew, and through the birches. Passing their attentions (slight though they be)

reflected in it Ret knelt down by the spring. Was Bending over, his face was reflected in tears, or trying to, for they fell as fast part. as she bathed away their traces,

"On, dear! oh dear!" she sobbed, as if her heart were breaking.

Suddenly she caught sight of Max's face in the water, and stopped breathless. Then she turned her astonished, tearful face upon him. The young man broke into a low, mery laugh.

"Ret, Ret," he said, "there is no use in you repulsing me any longer. Fate has taken the matter in hand. We have looked together in the meadow spring,

and you must marry me." For some reason-of course it was the work of the charmed place-Ret made no more objections, and when Rath came to find them, two hours later, he discovered them happily betrothed. So much for the meadow spring.

... The Trifler's Victim.

Slowly tolled the deep-toned bell of the church of St. Louis, while from beneath its massive arches issued forth a long funeral procession. By the coffin, covered with white satin, and blazing with rich silver plates, the snow-white plumes of the hearse with its draperies of spotless white, and by the four young girls, who, dressed in white, and wearing long white veils reaching to the ground, each holding in her hand one of the four white ribbons attached to the coffin, might be known that she whom they were bearing to her last restingplace was young, while the long train of carringes that followed bore ample testimony to the wealth and rank of the deceased. The priests clad in their long scarlet tunics, and bearing aloft blazing notice of her flashing eyes. "Miss Ret torches, their company headed by the

and boys, I thought I was the earliest | Rev. Father Antonio de Fedella, passed | bright days might yet be in store for along two by two, chanting the miserere. Slowly the procession wound round the rue St. Louis, and then proceeding in a long, unbroken line, entered the cemetery where the coffin was deposited in the splendid marble vault of the Pascal family, when the priests slowly chanted the "requiescal'in pace," and the circled crowd recovering their heads, left the remains of Adele Pascal, the young, the beautiful, in their last resting-place.

Born of wealthy parents, their cherished idol, at the same time the darling and pride of her only brother, gratified in the indulgence of every wish, and perfected in every accomplishment, Adele Pascal shone the acknowledged belle of every social circle. One of those enthusiastic beings who could never be satis fied with a divided affection, sensitive and retiring in her nature, yet withal gay and sportive as a child, "to see her was to love her."

Such was Adele Pascal at the time her parents received a letter from her brother Charles, then in New Haven, begging permission to invite his friend, Henry Selborne, to accompany him on his return to Louisiana. The permission was willingly granted, and soon the two young men arrived at Sycamore Grove, a beautiful Summer residence of the Pascal family on the banks of the Mississeppi.

During Charles Pascal's four years absence within the walls of old Yale, Henry Selborn was his bosom friend and the chosen repository of all his joys and sorrows. Selborn was talented and obliging, and having received that matter-offact education which most New Engianders give their sons-that kind of training which fits them to act well their part on life's stage-he soon possessed himself of the warm friendship of the frank-hearted Creole, to whom his society became indispensable. When we add to his other qualifications to please, a fine person, and peculiarly winning manners, we no longer wonder that one so gentle as Adele, soon owned to herself that Sycamore Grove would be insupportably dull when he was gone.

In general Selborne's attentions to Adele were marked with a frankness that would have prevented any less susceptible than herself from thinking that she did not hear him, and keeping from he loved her, but she, poor girl! thus construed them, and soon he became to her, society, triends, the world.

Oh! could men but know how often through the wood, she sprang over the are so translated by our sex-could they silent, winding little brook, and knelt but see the agony of hopes raised but to down by the meadow spring. Max be wrecked-could they note the flushed thought it place fit for the betrothed of cheek, the quivering lip, the "pulses fairies. The sunshine fell on the golden | maddening play" when a compliment is sand beneath the crystal water, and the paid by them, to which, perhaps they atwild pink roses growing beside it were tach no meaning, or they could on the other hand, see the pillow wet with tears where a sleepless night had followed a she repeating the charm of the place? slighting word, an a cried look or an Max stole nearer. He was close at her exclamation of admiration for another side at last, and she did not see him, at a time when their long continued attentions had made the seriousness of such the water, and then he saw what Ret | no longer a matter of doubt-they would was doing. She was bathing away the hesitate, nor in tuture act the trifler's

Often a look or a word casually spoken by Selborne would afford Adele hope and happiness, as d again an averted look or an unmeaning attention bestowed upon another, tortured her sicepless pillow with doubts whether her love was returned. Could she have seen that it was but his accustomed gallantry, she would have known that he had no heart to give.

Thus days glided into months, and still Selborne lingered at Sycamore Grove, a welcome visitor, while Adele, piensed with the dangerous proximity lavished her whole wealth of love on him-when she was aroused from her dream of happiness by Selborne hurriedly informing them that he had just received letters urging his immediate return to the north. Alas! for Adele's hopes! So closely enwoven had her passion for him become with every thought, that the idea of separation had never occurred as possible, and now the

thought was more bitter than death. When Selborne had been absent about two months, her brother received a letter from him, dated at Saratoga, where he said he had met with an old flame of his boyish days, Miss Dashfort, a New Haven belie, a young lady whom Charles described as being wealthy and extremely beautiful. From this nour the unhappiness of Adele began. Hitherto the spoiled child of fortune, her whole life had been as a bright Summer dream. Sorrow by name alone she knew. Now her mind was filled with a strange oueasiness, tormented by fears that often subdued her to tears. Then again she your own affairs in good shape and keep would hope on, and love deeper and them in a and do not waste so much of deeper, as the sweet reflection came that

her. And blissful anticipations of his return, of again meeting with him after so much sorrow and foreboding, would steal over her saddened soul, dispelling all gloom, all doubt, all sadness. Those only who have land their dearest hopes darkened, and again suddenly re-illumed can realize the wild excitement with which Adele heard of Selborne's approching return to Louisians.

He came to New Orleans; but oh! the agony, the despair of the fond-trusting Adele. He brought one with him who enjoyed that name and place which Adele had so fondly hoped would be hers His wife ! the sound rang in 'her ears, the death knell of all her hopes. She heard of the beauty and accomplishments of Mrs. Selborne, his bride; but her warm heart's aspirations had been crushed, and, by the deadly paleness of her cheek, alone might be read that the sun of her earthly happiness had set,

As Autumn approached an alarming cough was noted by her physician as the premonitory of consumption, for such was her maindy miscalled by those who understood not that other disease a broken heart ; and in less than two months the trifler's victim had passed from this to another and a happier world. Alas ! for the bitter requital too often given for a woman's love.

Sagacity of a Connecticut Dog.

Our neighbor Chauncey Hart has a dog that is remarkable for his apparent knowledge of the English language, if his owner's statement about the dog is true-and as to veracity there is no question. Mr. Hart is a blacksmith by trade, and has an acre or so of land which he cultivates, and during the season of hoeing he rises at about four o'clock in the merning to subdue the weeds. His dog s always with him. When the time arrives for making a fire to prepare the morning meal, Mr. Hart goes into the house, makes the fire, and says to the dog, "Go call your mistress." He goes immediately to the bedroom and wakes her. If she does not notice the call, the dog will pull the clothing off the bed, and will not leave until she gets up. If Mr. Hart sees a pack-peddler coming, he says to the dog, "Carlo, there is a pack-peddler coming." He will start off at once, and prevent his coming on to On another occasion Mr Hart walked

over to a neighbor's house just as the neighbor came home with some bones he had procured for his chickens and threw them out of his wagon. Carlo got one of them and brought it near where they were talking. When Mr. Hart saw it he said, "Carlo, that bone don't belong to you; go carry it back where you found t, and go home." Carlo carried the bone back to the place where he got it, trotted off about ten rods toward home and sat down waiting for his master. The neighbor also had a dog of about the same size that was in hearing. Seeing Carlo where he had sat down, the other dog picked up the bone and carried it to within a 1ew teet of Carlo; there he laid it down and came back a little way. After waiting a while and seeing that Carlo did not take it, he placed it a little nearer, came back as before, and waited for Carlo to take it: but Carlo would not The third time the bone was placed nearer-very close to him this time-but he would not touch it, but sat there until Mr. Hart went home. When he came up to where the dog was sitting he said. larlo, you may have that bone now. The dog immediately picked it up and carried it home. Nothing was said to citier dog but the order to carry back the bone. But both dogs seemed to know what was said; the visited dog was de-termined that Carlo should accept the proffered bone as a pledge of friendship and as a hospitable entertainment -- Un ioncille (Conn) Letter to Hartford Times

Giving Advice.

Advice is a first-rate thing when the about. But there are volumes of advice and council which are utterly useless, because it is simply the result of an uncontrollable desire to say something-what, makes no difference. Advice, to be worth anything, needs to be matured in the mind before it is uttered. It is alto gether better, however, as a rule, to at-tend to your business and let other people's alone, unless you are invited to in-terfere. Public men are especially the victims of the advice given victims of the advice given. All men and women in the world think themselves called upon to give a man who happens to be in public life a sort of advice seeming entirely to lose sight of the very important fact that any who has mind enough to attract any considerable share of public attention probably has though to manage his own affairs, life in looking after other people.